

K

C O M U S.

A SONG from that MUSICAL MASQUE.

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THE wanton god, who pierces hearts,  
Dips in gall his pointed darts;  
But the nymph disdains to pine,  
Who bathes the wound with rosy wine.

Farewell, lovers, when they're cloy'd;  
If I'm scorn'd, because enjoy'd;  
Sure the squeamish fops are free  
To rid me of dull company.

They have charms, whilst mine can please;  
I love them much, but more my ease;  
No jealous fears my love molest,  
Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.

Why should they e'er give me pain,  
Who to give me joy disdain?  
All I hope of mortal man  
Is to love me while he can.



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